

The Human Electrical Forces!

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to its life.

The pneumogastric nerve, as it is called, is the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen, the nerve force descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous nerves which branch out to the lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., are collectively termed the sympathetic supply.

When the brain becomes inactive, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving this diminished supply are consequently weakened.

Physicians generally fail to recognize the importance of this fact, but treat the organ itself instead of the cause of the trouble. The noted specialist, Franklin Miller, M. D., L. L. B., has given the greater part of his life to the study of this subject, and the principal discoveries concerning it are due to his efforts.

Dr. Miller's Restorative Nerve, the unrivaled brain and nerve food, prepared on the principle that all nervous and many other difficulties originate from disorders of the nerve centers. Its wonderful success in curing these disorders is testified to by thousands in every part of the world.

Restorative Nerve cures sleeplessness, nervous prostration, dizziness, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs. It is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or sent direct to you by Dr. Miller Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid.

Sold by all druggists.

AN ADEQUATE REASON

His name was George Carew, and at the time of which I wrote he was a passenger on board the Royal Mail steamer *Cobra* on her homeward voyage from Buenos Ayres to Southampton. It was late in the year, and the passengers were comparatively few. I cannot with truth say that Carew was a general favorite on board. He was taciturn as a rule, and when he was not taciturn he was apt to be dogmatic.

Among the male passengers he was usually spoken of as "a decent fellow enough, but queer." The feminine portion of the community thought—or said they thought—him uninteresting. Among their number was a tall, pretty blond, who had gradually pierced the armor of his reserve, and in whose company he had even been seen to smile. They became very good friends—so much so indeed as to draw down upon the young lady's head various maternal lectures on the folly of encouraging young men who were nobody. But as Carew, of course, did not hear these lectures, and as Miss Ida Lennox was a self-willed young person, their friendship suffered no interruption.

There was a certain Mrs. Bouverie on board, an extremely handsome widow, in whom Carew, for some unknown reason, had aroused a violent dislike. She was clever as well as handsome, but she was possessed of a passionate and somewhat uncertain temper—which last, however, in virtue of her many counterbalancing good qualities, was unobtrusively concealed.

One evening at dinner Mrs. Bouverie was expatiating to those nearest to her on the value and antiquity of a very curious and beautiful ring which she wore, and which she had picked up in a tour through Italy. She affirmed it to be at least 800 years old. It was a broad gold band, chased richly and with marvelous delicacy and set all round at regular intervals with large diamonds of exquisite brilliancy. Inside were two capital letters, N. C., each letter formed of tiny seed pearls sunk into the gold.

Mrs. Bouverie, who was of a romantic turn, was of opinion that it had been an ancient betrothal ring. There was a faint affixed date inside, which the widow's right hand neighbor, a pale, consumptive looking clergyman, was vainly trying to decipher through a small magnifying glass. Presently a lady opposite begged to be allowed to examine the ring, and from her it was passed from hand to hand pretty well up and down the length of the table.

But, strange to say, it did not come back to its owner. It had apparently disappeared. Every one declared it had passed safely out of his or her hands. Where was it then? There was a great commotion, of course; everybody rose, and a thorough search was made, on and under the table and from one end to the other of the long saloon.

The ring, however, was not forthcoming. His owner had by this time become somewhat excited, and a rather disagreeable scene ensued. In point of fact, Mrs. Bouverie insinuated that some one had appropriated her ring. Upon this, some of the male passengers angrily suggested that, if Mrs. Bouverie entertained suspicions of that nature, all present had better turn out their pockets. To this proposition there was a general assent.

All resumed their seats, and there was a hurried disembarking of keys, letters, pocket handkerchiefs, etc., but no ring.

Carew, to the surprise of all, quietly refused to exhibit the contents of his pockets.

"But merely as a matter of form, Mr. Carew," expostulated the captain. The young man, however, repeated his refusal courteously, but more inflexibly, if anything, than before.

There was an awkward silence. Then Mrs. Bouverie forgot herself. "May I ask, sir," she said, addressing Carew in an excited tone, "why you refuse to do as all your fellow passengers have done?"

"You may, madam," was the brief and haughty answer.

"Well, sir, and why not?" "Because I have a very special reason for not doing so," he answered in a carefully repressed voice.

"And that reason?" "I fear I must decline to give it," he answered quietly, but with an ominous flash in his gray eyes.

"Then you are aware of the imputation your refusal casts upon your character?"

"That is a matter of the utmost indifference to me," was the icy answer.

But the speaker's hand, as it lay upon the table, opened and shut in a quick, nervous fashion which showed that he was less unmoved than he looked.

Whereupon Mrs. Bouverie waxed more and more indiscreet, and all but accused Carew of having the ring in his possession.

"Mrs. Bouverie, Mrs. Bouverie," remonstrated the captain, "this is really not quite fair."

Here Carew, who had been growing whiter every moment, rose from his seat.

"I regret that you should have such an opinion of me as your words imply, Mrs. Bouverie," he said in a queer, uncertain voice. "May I suggest that you drop the subject for the present? My temper is not all that it might be, and I should be sorry to be guilty of discourtesy to a lady."

Then he left the saloon and went on deck. After this day, however, Carew observed a gradual but marked difference in his fellow passengers' demeanor toward him. His greetings were received coldly, though with scrupulous politeness. Groups began to melt insensibly away at his approach, or his advent was a signal for the general silence.

If this general boycotting affected the object of it, he did not show it, but simply withdrew into himself and avoided other people as deliberately as they avoided him. To only one person did he make an advance, and he only made this one. It was in this way:

Early one morning he was standing looking moodily to leeward, when he suddenly became aware that Miss Lennox had come on deck and was leaning against one of the doors of the covered stairway. Their eyes met. She blushed deeply, made a half hesitating movement of her head—which might have meant a morning salutation or might not—and turned away. But Carew took steps toward her.

"One moment, Miss Lennox," he said in an odd voice. "Will you tell me why you have avoided me so persistently during the last few days?"

"I avoided you?" she stammered awkwardly. "Oh—really, not at all. But—"

Carew smiled slowly, but his lips were pale. "I beg your pardon," he said quietly. Then he lifted his cap and walked away.

As he did so he saw one of the male passengers grinning from behind an abnormally large cigar. He did not pitch the youth overboard, but he could have done so with pleasure.

After this little episode, Carew was, if possible, more ostracized than ever. Only the captain treated him with comparative cordiality. But as the days went on he, too, became less kind, especially after one forenoon when he opened to Carew the matter in hand. The young man cut him short at once. "I don't care to discuss the thing. You can believe what your passengers seem to believe, or you can let it alone. It is nothing to me."

Captain North shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Carew laughed, and his laugh was short, though, and bitter.

If this suspected young man had been anybody in particular it is possible they might not have been so hard upon him. But as he was simply George Carew, with nothing beyond an average good looking face and well set up figure to recommend him, and as, moreover, his clothes had a look of having seen better days and were by no means of the latest cut, he was clearly not an acquaintance to be regretted.

At dinner that night Carew found himself next a small, gray clad young woman, with a pale, serious face and a smooth, birdlike head of dark brown hair. She had also, as he absentmindedly noted, exquisitely shaped hands. He had never entered into conversation with the little woman; indeed he had hardly been aware of her existence beyond hearing the captain address her once or twice as Miss Neville.

As he took his seat beside her tonight, however, she said in a low, clear voice, "Good evening, Mr. Carew."

It was so many days since any of the lady passengers had addressed him at all that he actually started.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I only said good evening," the girl in gray made answer, looking up at him with a little smile.

Then he noticed that her teeth were very pretty and her eyes very satisfactory indeed. Before he had time to speak, she went on: "The captain says that before many days we shall be in the bay of Biscay. I have not crossed it since I was a little child. I suppose it will be a frightfully rough sea."

"I think it is more than likely," he answered, gazing steadily at his place. Whereupon they drifted into an subdued, friendly conversation which lasted till the end of the meal. Carew was not a particularly soft hearted fellow, but it touched him strangely—this unlooked for partnership. It gave him a queer, unwanted lump in his throat and made him feel womanish, which annoyed him.

Next morning he saw the girl in gray on deck. She was standing right in the middle of the deck, watching the screaming sea birds that flew and dipped astern. Her pale, serious little face already seemed to him like the face of a friend. As he passed her with a slight bow she turned, held out her hand and bade him a cheery good morning, supplementing it by some trifling remark regarding the weather. He stopped, answered her and stood beside her for a minute or two. Then he flung away his cigar and leaned his arm on the railing.

His companion scanned his face swiftly and covertly. She thought he looked dispirited, and she felt for him, for she was a tender hearted little woman.

They talked on indifferent subjects until luncheon and repeated the process between that meal and dinner and also in the evening. And so it came to pass that Carew began to look upon this small, gray clad creature as his one friend in all his present world.

He learned a great deal about her from her half unconscious confidences—among other things that her Christian name was Joyce, and that she was an orphan, and that she had known trouble. But she learned little or nothing about him.

The *Cobra* touched at Coruna, where one or two Englishmen came on board. Then came the redoubtable bay of Biscay.

On the night they left Coruna there was a glorious moon, under the rays of which Miss Neville and Carew were walking up and down on deck.

The steamer was rolling a great deal, and he had offered her his arm, which she had accepted. She treated him in a frank, unembarrassed fashion, almost as a sister might have done—and he! Well, men are susceptible, you know, and I am bound to say his feelings to her were not altogether those of a brother.

When they had taken a few turns in silence, she said suddenly, "Mr. Carew, we seem to have become such good friends by this time that I should like to say something to you which otherwise I should not presume to say."

She looked up at him as she spoke, and he looked down at her. "You know you may say anything you please to me," he said, with a cautious lingering tenderness in his voice. "You won't think it a liberty, will you?" she went on.

"I shall assuredly not think it a liberty," was the brief answer. Certainly her eyes were very lovely. They thrilled him through and through.

"I want to ask you, then," she said somewhat nervously, "why you allow those people to believe what they believe about you?"

There was a silence. The monotonous throbbing of the engines amidships mingled with floating scraps of half heard talk and laughter.

Then Carew said in a hard, bitter voice: "Unfortunately I am not responsible for their beliefs, Miss Neville. Besides, what they believe of me—and may be true. I am—pardon me—an utter stranger to you; you have no reason to believe in my innocence."

"I do believe in your innocence, though," she murmured, an excited thrill running through her voice. "May I ask why?" He spoke clearly, but she felt his arm tremble under her hand.

For one swift moment she looked up at him, and her eyes were full of tears. But he did not see them, for he was gazing straight before him.

"Why?" she repeated, with a curious sobbing little laugh. "Because I—know!"

A minute later she was gone, and he was watching the last flutter of her gown disappearing in the direction of the stairway.

Late that night Carew sat in his cabin, leaning his elbows on his knees, and staring earnestly at something he held between his fingers, something that twinkled and sparkled as the light of the electric lamp fell upon it. It was a broad gold gypsy ring, richly chased, and set at intervals with large diamonds. Inside were two Roman letters formed of tiny seed pearls.

For two days after that it blew a pretty fair gale. It rained a good deal, too, at intervals; and such of the passengers as were not violently seasick in their berths kept to the saloon or the music room, with the exception of two or three hardy males, of whom Carew was one.

As he passed the door of the stairway toward the evening of the second day, he saw Miss Neville, who had just struggled so far, and was clinging to the door to windward. She was looking white and ill, he thought, but when he told her so she only laughed.

"Do you care to come for a turn?" he said. "It doesn't rain now, and I will take good care you don't fall," he added.

She consented, but the steamer was pitching so heavily that after a few turns Miss Neville said she would rather sit down.

So Carew provided her with a sheltered seat, brought a warm rug to wrap about her feet and seated himself beside her. It was now almost dark. A few stars shone here and there in the stormy sky.

The wind shrieked and whistled drearily. The deck was deserted. For quite a long time both were silent. Then Carew said in a half whisper: "You are trembling. You are not afraid of the storm, are you? It is nothing for the bay, I assure you."

"No—I am not afraid."

"You feel quite safe here with me?" he went on, sinking his voice lower yet. "Yes," she answered somewhat tremulously.

After a pause he laid his hand on hers as it rested on her knee and said in an odd, deliberate kind of way: "Will you let me take care of you all ways? I mean as my wife. I have grown to love you very dearly, and I think I could make you happy."

For perhaps a minute there was utter silence. Then Carew withdrew his hand, saying hastily and in an indefinitely changed voice: "Ah! you do not care for me. Perhaps it is as well, and perhaps I had no right to ask you to do so. I forgot for a moment that I am a man under a cloud—a cloud that in all probability will never be lifted, for I tell you honestly I have no means of righting myself. Forget what I have said."

The words and tone were hardly lover-like, but there was a slight, almost imperceptible quiver in the deep voice.

A small hand stole softly into his. "I do care for you," said a happy little voice, "and I would take your word against all the world."

Another pause. Carew did not even press the hand he held. Then he said harshly: "But suppose I cannot give you my word? Suppose I tell you that I am what our fellow passengers think I am?"

"I should not believe you," was the confident answer.

"But if I tell you that you must believe me?" His face as he looked down was very pale and wore an expression she could hardly fathom.

She uttered a half suppressed little cry, but she did not take her hand away—only nestled it farther into his. He grasped it almost painfully; then let it go.

"Foolish, trusting little women," he said in a strange voice. "Must I give you proof that your trust is misplaced?"

He held out his other hand to her. In its palm lay the ring. Even in the dim light she recognized it at once.

There was a curious, breathless pause, during which Carew never took his eyes from the girl's face.

"Well?" he quietly said at last. He felt her little fingers close tightly on his.

"I can't help it," she said brokenly.

There was a silence. The monotonous throbbing of the engines amidships mingled with floating scraps of half heard talk and laughter.

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"Do you care to come for a turn?" he said. "It doesn't rain now, and I will take good care you don't fall," he added.

"I love you—I love you!" "And will you be my wife?" She could not see his face, but his voice shook.

"Yes," she whispered, hiding her face in both her hands.

But the hands were gently drawn. In the semidarkness she felt his arm come about her, and his mustache brush her lips.

"Darling," he murmured passionately, "you shall never regret it—I swear," and in his eyes glittered something that looked like tears.

Next morning one of the Englishmen who had come on board at Coruna, and who had been ill ever since, appeared on deck. As it happened, the first person he saw was Carew.

They greeted each other cordially, and after the fashion of old friends. This Englishman, by the way, was a well known statesman, and a very good fellow besides.

In the smoking room that afternoon some one kindly put him on his guard as to Carew and supplied the details. "I thought I would mention it, you know," appended the man who had spoken. "I saw you speaking to him, awhile ago."

"Thank you," was the dry answer. "I've known George Carew for a good many years. I think I have a pretty good idea of his idiosyncrasies, and I don't think annexing other people's property is one of them. By the way, you may not have heard that he has come into the title and is now Lord Evandale. I think I'd mention it, you know," he added with a somewhat grim smile.

In the silence that followed, the speaker lit a fresh cigar, rose and went out.

I blush to have to relate that during the remainder of that day a good many of the *Cobra's* passengers became suddenly imbued with the conviction of Carew's—or rather Lord Evandale's—innocence and evidenced as such. How their overtures were received perhaps I need not say.

Joyce Neville was a little shy with her lover when she knew. But in the course of a staid walk on deck he made that all right. She, it seemed, had had the idea that he was rather obscure and hard up than otherwise, at which confession he was a good deal touched.

I think it was on the evening before the *Cobra* got into Southampton that the head steward made a startling discovery. Mrs. Bouverie's ring was found in a distant corner of the saloon, where it had been effectually concealed by an upstanding corner of the carpet.

Captain North publicly restored the ring to its owner that night at dinner. There was a very uncomfortable silence for a few moments. Every one had an awkward kind of feeling that some sort of apology should be made to the haughty looking young man who was at present helping Miss Neville to claret.

And every one had an equally awkward conviction that any apology or any explanation whatsoever would be worse than impossible.

The subject of their thoughts, however, forestalled anything of the kind. There was something rather fine in his appearance just then, as he leaned back in his chair and threw a keen glance first up and then down the table.

"As Mrs. Bouverie is now, I hope, satisfied that I did not steal her ring," he said in a cold, clear voice that penetrated to every corner of the long saloon. "I will explain my reason for refusing to turn out my pockets as the rest of you did. I possess a ring which is the exact fac simile of that possessed by Mrs. Bouverie, and as I had the ring in my pocket on the evening in question I naturally objected to its being mistaken for any other one's property. You are all at liberty to examine it, if Miss Neville chooses." As he spoke, he turned and slipped the "double" of Mrs. Bouverie's ring on the third finger of Joyce Neville's left hand. The look which accompanied the action spoke volumes.

There was a pause of intense astonishment; then a babel of excited and wondering exclamations, in the midst of which Lord Evandale rose and went out on deck.

The rings were identical, with one exception—in one the initials were N. C., in the other, C. N.

Mrs. Bouverie looked crushed and unhappy, for of all things she dearly loved a lord. There was weeping and gnashing of teeth, too, in the cabin of the *Lennoxes*.—*Montreal Star*.

La Grippe.

During the prevalence of the Grippe the past season it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in offsetting rapid cure not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all Disorders of Throat, Chest and Lungs, and has cured cases of Asthma and Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free Trial Bottles at D. J. Humphrey's Free Trial Store.

ODDS AND ENDS.

South Africa will again essay cotton manufacture.

A man is like a gas jet—the more he blows the less light he gives out.

A plow is the only agricultural implement shown on the monuments of Nineveh.

The spinning wheel was invented in India before the most ancient historical records.

The most splendid and substantial title of the middle ages was that of Doge of Venice.

The Chinese claim that their best musical instrument, the king, was invented 5,000 years before Christ.

Black walnut sawdust, caramel and roasted malt are the ingredients used as adulterations of coffee.

The primitive drum was a section of a hollow tree with a piece of skin tightly tied over the top.

The Japanese method of lacquering is said to be at least 2,000 years old. Pieces made 10 centuries ago are still exhibited.

The power of steam was discovered by a Florentine officer, who was idly experimenting with a glass bottle and a few drops of water.

Rev. Stuart Headlam of London refutes that ballet dancing is an elaborate fine art, and one requiring intelligent and sympathetic study on the part of the spectator.

Russia has few stranded actors. When a manager takes a troop on the road, he must make a deposit with the government to pay the way home for the members in case they become stranded.

Women and Crime.

In the Minnesota state prison there are 345 male convicts while there are about five or six female convicts. It remains for the opponents of woman's political emancipation to show why it should not be well for the "nobler half of humanity" to mingle its influence in the great current of our national public life. Aside from the justice of woman's demand to be emancipated, it would be policy on the part of the nation to utilize this cognate moral force for the general upbuilding of the ethical life of the people.—*Red Wing (Minn.) Journal*.

Subscribe for the *Northwest*—\$1.00.

A Queer Thing About Camels.

Some years ago when the British troops were fighting against the forces of the Mahdi in the Sudan opportunity was afforded to many of the correspondents accompanying the expedition to study the habits of the camel. Most of the transportation of the soldiers' baggage was done by these ships of the desert, as they are called, and at night some of the newspaper men spent a portion of their leisure trying to learn something new about these strange creatures.

One of them, who was an inveterate smoker, discovered that the camel is a great lover of tobacco. Let any one smoke a pipe or cigar in the camel compound, said he, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged sniff, swallow the smoke, then throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the bloodshot whites, will grunt a sigh of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a low scene.—*Harper's Young People*.

It Supports All Claims.

One of the most remarkable cases brought to the notice of the public is that of Mr. J. S. Beach, of Stone Ridge, N. Y., who for years suffered from stones in the kidney. Early in August, he was induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. By the 15th of September he voided a good sized stone, and he has been a well man since. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is not a mere soothing of pain, but by its alterative action purifies the blood, dissolves and causes the expulsion of gravel and stones from the kidneys and bladder. The testimony of hundreds of cures for this. It will build up a system run down by overwork. All druggists sell it.

Toronto Working Girls.

The sweating system is nearly as much an evil in Canada as in England, according to Lady Aberdeen. In a recent address before the Toronto Women's council she recounts some of the abuses she has found in Toronto.

After telling of girls making overalls for 50 cents a dozen; coats for 35 cents apiece, supplying the little boys with overalls, coats, with buttons in front and three pockets, for 14 cents each, the making of one taking a day and a half, and more of the same bitter extortion, she says:

"These are only samples, ladies, but one would scarcely believe that here in Toronto this state of things could exist; that there are women not living, but existing, on such wages. What are the temptations these girls are being exposed to? How can we meet and pride ourselves on the progress of the world, and of all the good works which are going on in our midst and yet think that there are all these left to struggle through life in this way? How can you expect anything in the way of morality or spiritual life from these poor girls? And yet think of the numbers who do withstand all the terrible temptations they have to endure, and think what that means, how in a moment they have but to yield to be in comfort."

Persons who sympathize with the afflicted will rejoice with D. E. Carr of 1255 Harrison street, Kansas City. He is an old sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism, but has not heretofore been troubled in this climate. Last winter he went up into Wisconsin, and in consequence has had another attack. "It came upon me again very acute and severe," he said. "My joints swelled and became inflamed; sore to touch or almost to look at. Upon the urgent request of my mother-in-law I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm to reduce the swelling and ease the pain, and to my agreeable surprise, it did both. I have used three fifty-cent bottles, and believe it to be the finest thing for rheumatism, pains and swellings extant. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O., 1m

The wife of a prominent dentist in the city was called to the door the other day to respond to the appeal of a tramp who wanted pecuniary assistance for some temporary requirements. Being averse to giving alms, she told him that it was against her principles to give money for nothing, but that if he would clean the soot off the rather long sidewalk she would compensate him by her labor to the extent of 40 cents. The tramp promptly undertook the contract, and after about half an hour of good work went to the lady and received his payment and went away apparently satisfied. About two weeks afterward the same tramp called at the same house and demanded brusquely to see the lady of the house. It happened that the doctor was at home on this occasion, and his wife was out. So he went to the door and asked what was wanted.

"I want to see the lady of the house," said the tramp.

"Well, she is out," replied the doctor, "but I am her husband. Won't I do as well? What do you want?"

"Well, it's just this way: I came here two weeks ago, and I cleaned off your sidewalk, and I strained my side so that I haven't been able to do any work since, and I want to know what you are going to do about it?"

"What am I going to do about it?" questioned the doctor, taken aback by the man's effrontery. "What do you expect me to do about it?"

"I want you to give me something for what I have suffered by straining my side, and as this is a matter for damages I want to settle it with the man up as he was delivering the last remark, and then, taking a handful of silver out of his pocket, he flung it thoughtfully for a minute as if calculating and said:

"Well, how would 15 cents settle you?" "That's all right," burst out the